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Character:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari , Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Hana "D.Va" Song
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The Forum

by [aizia](#)

Summary

“Please, Hana,” Angela begged. “Send me the link.”

Hana snorted. “Are you going to join Pharah’s fan forum?”

“No! I just... want to see what they’re saying.”

“Oh man... oh man. This is too good. You’re jealous.”

“I’m not *jealous*.”

Hana rested her chin on her hand. “You like Fareeha.” Her grin was absolutely shit-eating.

“And you want her all to yourself.”

“*Be quiet.*”

Notes

This is ridiculous and I am sorry. Based on [this post](#). Shout out to radycat for the official_mercy username idea.

Edit: The forum is now real. Try clicking on the link. (◡‿◡)

A bead of sweat trailed down Fareeha’s forehead. She tried her best to ignore her phone buzzing on the floor, grimacing at the strain in her forearms. She could handle about a dozen more reps

before she'd need a spotter. Her phone made another high-pitched noise. She squeezed her eyes shut, focusing on her own movements.

She was relatively successful until she heard three more buzzes in rapid succession. She sighed and placed the dumbbells on the floor.

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ to Pharah
YOU NEED TO SEE THIS

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ to Pharah
<http://pharahphans.forums.party/>

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ to Pharah
ASDASFHSAFGH

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ to Pharah
ADFESIGJEISGJISE

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ to Pharah
ASDASEITUSIEGAFADG

Fareeha raised her brows at the name of the site, and tapped the link with some hesitancy. The background loaded first, a rather gallant shot of her in the air, decked fully in armor. A list of recent threads loaded on top of it.

What we know about Fareeha "Pharah" Amari

Does she ever take off that fucking suit I just want to see her hot bod

Who else is gay for Fareeha

Puns?

Pharah's mom has it going on

With the distinct feeling she'd regret opening any of them, Fareeha swiped further down and found a list of most active users. She snorted at *official_mercy*, who was by far number one. The thought of Angela on a site like that was comical. Fareeha had accepted months ago that her rather inconvenient feelings weren't reciprocal.

Pharah to D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ
I don't know how to react to this

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ to Pharah
YOU HAVE A GAY FAN CLUB

Pharah to D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ
I'm flattered, I guess

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ to Pharah
WITH OVER 6000 MEMBERS

Pharah to D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ

Ok, that's pretty substantial

D.VA ㅎㅎ ㅋㅋ **to Pharah**

I NEED TO GET YOU IN MY STREAMS. IMAGINE THE VIEWERSHIP BOOSTS

Fareeha rolled her eyes and made her way to the showers. She wouldn't let herself get caught up in whatever fanbase she had inspired. She wasn't in Overwatch for the glory, after all.

Fareeha was working on a shared plate of fūl with Angela when Hana asked, "Hey Angie, did you know that thousands of women online want to fuck Fareeha?"

Fareeha nearly choked on her breakfast. "Hana!"

Angela froze mid-chew. "Uh, no. I can't say I did."

Fareeha waved a dismissive hand. "They don't want to fuck me."

"Dude, did you even look through the threads?"

Angela was sitting up straighter now, brows furrowed. "What did they say?"

Hana gave Angela a wary look. "I can't say any of it in front of you."

"Hana, I'm old enough to be your mother."

"Exactly!"

Angela frowned at her plate until Hana left.

"The fans are all harmless," Fareeha said, figuring that was why Angela looked so troubled. "I'd rather just ignore the whole thing."

Angela gripped Fareeha's shoulder with surprising strength. "You'll never know who those people are." She scooted her chair closer. "Unlike... the people who are already here. With you. Now."

Fareeha gave her a strange look. "Uh, yeah."

The streets of Gibraltar's market place were quiet for a Saturday morning. Fareeha was enjoying the brief change of pace, and Angela was nice company.

Angela was inspecting a radish when a woman in her twenties, positively beaming, appeared in front of Fareeha, phone in hand.

"Can I get a photo with you?"

Fareeha blinked and gestured to herself. "Me?"

“Yes! I’m a *huge* fan.”

Still a little blindsided, Fareeha smiled for the picture, if a bit stiffly. The woman produced a sharpie from her pocket and handed it to Fareeha. “Could you also sign my shirt?”

Fareeha eyed her t-shirt. “Uh, if you’re sure. Where do you want it?”

The woman pointed to her chest, smiling sweetly. “Here?”

Extending her arm so she could still stand a good distance away, Fareeha penned her signature in the general vicinity.

“Thanks so much! I love you!”

“Uh, love you too!”

For some reason, when Fareeha turned back to Angela, she looked about ready to pop a vein.

“Are you alright?” Fareeha asked.

Fareeha had never heard Angela’s voice sound so clipped before. “*Yes. I am fine.*”

“Please, Hana,” Angela begged. “Send me the link.”

Hana snorted. “Are you going to join the forum?”

“No! I just... want to see what they’re saying.”

“Oh man... oh man. This is too good. You’re jealous.”

“I’m not *jealous*.”

Hana rested her chin on her hand. “You like Fareeha.” Her grin was absolutely shit-eating. “And you want her all to yourself.”

“*Be quiet.*”

“I don’t blame you! She’s hot! I’d want a piece of that if I were you.”

Angela wanted to evaporate into the floor. “Yes, Hana, I like her,” she said. “I really, *really* like her. Now please... just send me the link.”

Angela was opposed to most violence, but she would fight official_mercy in a second.

“You look gorgeous tonight.” The bartender leaned over the counter, winking at Fareeha. “It’s an honour to have an Amari here.” Angela scowled into her drink.

“Oh, hah. Thank you.”

“Can I buy you a drink?” the woman asked.

“Oh, I have one already,” Fareeha said.

“You sure? I can whip up something special for you,” she drawled.

Angela could not watch this for one more minute. She took Fareeha’s cheek in her hand and kissed her hard. Fareeha responded instinctively, half her thoughts lost in a cloud of confusion and the other half pleading herself to pull Angela closer.

The bartender swore under her breath. “I thought that Pharmarcy shit was made up...”

Rain pattered against the cab’s windows. Angela was resting her head on Fareeha’s shoulder, only slightly buzzed from the alcohol.

“I didn’t know you were jealous,” Fareeha said. “I didn’t even know you felt this way about me.”

“I’m sorry,” Angela said. “I’ve been ridiculous.”

Fareeha smiled. “It’s alright.”

“I don’t know what happened to me. I’d never been so jealous.”

Fareeha kissed the top of her head. “No need to be anymore.”

Angela buried her face deeper into Fareeha’s shoulder. “What did that bartender call us? A pharmacy?”

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